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JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

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[From the Washington Patriot, of the 14th.]

**Bowen's Bigamy.**

**His Sentence—Scene in the Court—What He had to Say—Exit Congressman.**

Yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, in the Criminal Court, Justice Olin presiding, the case of Christopher C. Bowen, convicted of bigamy, was resumed.

The argument on the motion to suspend sentence having been concluded, the action of the Court was anxiously awaited.

There were but few spectators present, owing to the earliness of the hour.

Shortly before the opening of the Court, the prisoner, with his wife and Messrs. Riddle and Moore, his counsel, came in and took seats in front of the bar, and the prosecution was represented by District Attorneys Harrington and Fisher.

**THE COURT'S DECISION.**

Judge Olin said: This is a motion to suspend the sentence of the law in this case; and, as a consequence, to let the prisoner go at large on bail until the exceptions taken at the trial are disposed of by the Court *in banc*. I have heard a somewhat protracted argument on this question, conducted with much research and learning.

The conclusion at which I have arrived, after a careful examination of this question, is, that it is my duty to pronounce the sentence of the law upon the verdict in this case.

Possibly this Court has the power to suspend passing sentence for any time charged in an indictment after verdict of guilty by the jury, but, from all the authorities, it is, I think, clear that such a power should never be exercised unless it was clearly and manifestly apparent to the Court that injustice had been done the defendant.

Since the trial of this case I have carefully reviewed the exceptions taken on the trial to my rulings, and I am unable to discover any error in them, and, so believing, I think it my duty to pronounce the sentence of the law.

There is another question incidentally involved in this case which I do not decide, and that is, whether, upon pronouncing sentence in this case, and when a bill of exceptions has been filed, a Judge of this Court may not suspend the execution of the sentence, and let the party to bail until the questions raised by the bill of exceptions have been settled by the Court *in banc*. This question I do not decide. I am of the opinion, if I have power to suspend the execution of the sentence, any Judge of this Court has the same power, and as I have come to the conclusion that I committed no error on the trial of the case, an application to me to suspend the sentence would be unnecessary.

The Judge asked, "Do you wish to say anything, Mr. Bowen, in addition to what your counsel has said? If so, you can have the privilege of doing so."

**MR. BOWEN'S SPEECH.**

Mr. Bowen arose and took a step forward, whereupon his wife, who had exhibited great emotion during the remarks of the Court, clung to him, sobbing convulsively, and, with difficulty persuaded to resume her seat.

Mr. Bowen said:

If your honor pleases, I am aware that perhaps anything I can say would have no effect. I will say this, and perhaps all that I shall say: In this transaction I took the step that I did last August in good faith, and for several reasons. First, I had relied upon the record that I had obtained in New York; and here let me say to my friends that if there was anything wrong in that record, it was the fault of those who took my money and obtained that record in 1865. If your honor will bear with me one moment I will go over that point, as perhaps it is the last time I shall say anything upon this question.

The entry made in that book, and the testimony, unimpeached in this Court, as it stands to day, is that the whole entry, though there are erasures there, was in the handwriting of one person, corroborated by the experts that the Assistant District Attorney himself put upon the stand.

Farther than that, the clerk testified that it was in the handwriting

ing of the Clerk in that office, who died three years ago. That testimony stands to-day uncontradicted.

One step further, and I am done, so far as that record is concerned. One year ago she [pointing in the direction of his wife] enclosed her money to the clerk of that court, and obtained a copy of that decree, and on that copy she got married.

If the record in New York was wrong, it is the fault of those men and the way they do business there. I am now done, so far as the record is concerned.

Outside of that, the act of Congress, which I had seen and read, and which I had shown to lawyers, there was but one universal opinion in regard to it. They all said that that covered the case.

Much was said about my abandoning the woman in Augusta. If I could have opened my mouth, I could have shown perhaps why the abandonment or desertion took place. But my mouth was closed; so was her's. I will say this much: I would have been willing to have had her open her mouth upon that question. Whatever may have happened in 1852—the difference between us at that time I do not plead as any extenuation—a boy of eighteen and a mother of thirty—I say I do not mean that. Working for a living, toiling every day, was I to sit down there in that little town and starve to death?

When I went was she to go with me? If she did not go, where was she to go? This could have been shown. I made every effort that I could make in 1862. I made what might be called the last—I sent a messenger to her, trying to settle this difficulty. It was put into her hands, though when the messenger went and knocked at the door, he was told that no such person lived in the house. After persistent inquiry he found a person who said her name was Frances Hicks, and that perhaps the letter was intended for her. When she was told that the letter was from me, and that I was stopping at a hotel in the very town, she said: "Take the letter back; I want nothing more to do with him; tell him to send me no more messages." The next day I sent again, and with a similar result. That is the testimony in this case. The District Attorney says that I could have found the woman; that I could have gone to her at Augusta. Grant that I could, but had I any encouragement at any time, after that, that I would meet with any better reception? Was I to go there and force myself into the house? Nay, no. But time passed on, and as I say in 1865 the divorce was granted. I troubled myself no further. I did not seek her myself. I did not run away; but within 100 miles of that woman I sat down in public life, and she (Mrs. Hicks) nor any of her friends came to day say she ever made an enquiry; that she ever opened her mouth, notwithstanding newspapers were filled with my name from day to day, being twice elected to the position which I had the honor to fill on the bill, (the Capitol.) This woman never opened her mouth at this time.—When I made up my mind to get married, the newspapers heralded it all over the country. It was shown that no one had any claim upon me, for no one said a word. They all stood mute; and when enquiry was made of the very man who took that stand, (Hatcher), when enquiry was made of him, he denied to the counsel in Augusta that he knew anything about it. And here let me say that so far as malice and prejudice are concerned, I do not wish to say anything about that, though I could say much. But suffice it to say that this prosecution—if you are pleased to call it that—grew out of this, and this alone. I stood in the way politically of some one. I must be gotten out of the way.

In a few moments more the scene will close, (with head bowed, evidently much affected.) So far as politics is concerned, that is at an end. They did not go to this woman at the commencement of this prosecution. They traced up some one else. They came here and got an indictment. It made but little difference upon what I was convicted, so long as I was gotten out of the way.

A woman by the name of Park was found, who had said, previously to that, in her own handwriting, that she had no claims upon me.

On that indictment I was put on trial in this very room. At the very time that I was put upon the trial, the District Attorney had in his hand the same evidence that he had here; and while he was here holding that evidence, he urged my conviction in the Park case, on the ground that Mrs. Park was my lawful wife.

Hatcher and Christian, the two witnesses in the last case, were concerned here in the first; but not a word did they say. Why, then, did Hatcher not say, "I have an aunt in Augusta, who feels aggrieved?" No; but there he sat, saying to himself, "So long as this man can be convicted, go on." They failed in their conviction. In less than an hour after that failure, I was arrested upon a warrant in the case of Hicks, and from that time down to this it has been going on.

I am tired and worn out with this pursuit of me. The whole combined South at one time attempted to fight the Government of the United States. They continued it for four years, and failed. It is useless, it is folly for any one man to attempt that. One man, without money, and, perhaps, only a limited number of friends, to cope with the Government in a prosecution of this or any other kind! I say it is impossible. They pay their spies. They pay their men. They ransack the country from one end to the other, having all the money needed at their command. In this I do not mean to cast any imputations or reflections upon the District Attorney or his assistants. I only say that I am tired and worn out.

A new trial is spoken of. I do not know that I have any assurance of any better result. Not that I have acted wrong in this case intentionally, your Honor; but sent to prison at this time, what could I hope if a new trial were granted this fall, and I returned here without money, without friends, and was put upon my trial for the second time? Those gentlemen (District Attorney and his assistant) having the privilege and the means of roaming the country to hunt up all sorts of witnesses, it seems to me that I could not hope for a much better result.

In conclusion, I say that whatever punishment may fall upon my head, I stand here to receive it. From the commencement of this affair I have not shirked. I married that woman (pointing to his wife) last August, in good faith. Though the laws of the country may annul that, I have a firm belief that the laws of God never will. When whatever punishment that may be inflicted by this Court shall have been served out, if we are spared, (turning to his wife, who rises and receives his extended hand,) I return to her. (Mrs. Bowen here clung closely to her husband. Mrs. Bowen in a moment or so resumed her seat at the request of her husband.)

Mr. Bowen continued: I contend, or did, that that statute of limitation was a sufficient bar to the action of bigamy. I agree with your Honor, that if it had been proved here that I had deserted that woman in Augusta, and gone off, that that statute would not have applied. But snelt is not the fact. Sitting down within 100 miles of that woman, and she refusing to communicate with me, she never making a solitary enquiry for me during those five years, I say that statute was a sufficient bar to the indictment that was obtained here in this Court.

One word more, and I am done. To these gentlemen who kindly offered to go my bail, I am much obliged. I have acted by them, as I have in this whole transaction, in good faith. To-day they are relieved. I am truly grateful to them.

Now, your Honor, I am done. Pass your sentence. You know the case and the circumstances that surround it.

**THE SENTENCE.**

The Court. The sentence of the Court is, Bowen, that you be confined for two years in the Albany Penitentiary.

Mrs. Bowen, (clinging closely to her husband,) in a feeling manner, said, in a firm, yet gentle voice: "If he did it, I did it. If he is to be sentenced, please sentence me. You have no right, your Honor, before God Almighty, to visit punishment upon him alone for what I did also. With that record in my hand, I stand before this Court, and before my God. I procured it. It was obtained in good faith. If irregular, if invalid, we are not in fault. Oh, sentence me! I cannot part with him! He is too pure, too good! You know him not; I do know him."

The Court. Madam, I have a duty to perform here, and while I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart, I must still perform that duty.

In addition, Mr. Bowen, to the imprisonment for two years in the Albany Penitentiary, you will pay a fine of \$250.

I hope the warden of the jail, if you are committed to his custody, will postpone the execution of the sentence until

you have an opportunity to apply to some of my brethren on this Bill of Exceptions for a stay of the execution of the sentence.

I may be mistaken. I do not profess to be unerring about this, but I have given my best judgment to it. The case is so sad that it draws blood from the heart. You are a man of great intelligence. You are surrounded in such a way that it is sad to be compelled, as I think I am compelled, to pass the sentence of the law.

I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that it were otherwise. But I have brought my best judgment to the case.

The law must be administered, however high your social position may be, and however sorrowful the surroundings may be. If I had any doubt about the rightfulness of the verdict, I might have taken another course. But I do not see how I could do it. While I sit here I must perform my duty, as I understand it.

The prisoner and his wife then resumed their seats, and clung to each other, both sobbing audibly. The court then adjourned, and Mr. Bowen was conducted into his office by the Marshal, where he was followed by his wife and two or three personal friends. He remained there long enough to receive his letters, when, the commitment having been made out, he was escorted to a carriage by Bailiffs Sprague and Stahl, and was then carried to the jail and surrendered into the custody of Warden Crocker.

An effort is now to be made for a pardon, even before the motion for a new trial on exceptions can be heard in the Court in General Term.

FROM THE IDAHO WORLD.

**How to Distinguish Poisonous Serpents.**

In this connection, it may not be uninteresting to mention some characteristics by which poisonous serpents in the United States can always be distinguished. In the first place, we have no venomous species with longitudinal stripes, nor any of which the color is entirely green, black or brown. We may, therefore, eliminate all striped and all uniformly colored snakes, "garter snakes," "black snakes," "green snakes," etc., from the series of the kinds that are to be dreaded. Our poisonous serpents are all marked with transverse blotches, which are also characterized by having a broad, triangular head, considerably and appreciably wider than the narrow neck; this expansion of the head being required to accommodate the poison glands.

Again, the poisonous species possess a deep pit or cavity on each side of the face, between the eye and nostril, always very definitely marked, the nostril being at the snout. The stories, therefore, of the venomous character of the "black snakes" and "garter snakes" are fabulous.

It may be well enough to mention, while on the subject of poisonous reptiles, that no lizards of any kind are known to produce poisonous wounds. Some, like the alligator, produce a serious wound by a bite; but there is nothing whatever analogous to the venom of the serpent to be found in this order. Nor is there any credence to be placed in the stories of snakes with a poison apparatus in the tail. Every neighborhood in the United States has a legend of a so-called "hoop snake," which takes it tail in its mouth and runs rapidly down hill after some terrified individual, and on reaching him uncoils and lashes out the sting of its tail, which fortunately strikes into a tree near by, to the great relief of the expected victim. The tree then has to bear the brunt of the charge, and in 24 hours it is found to have been completely killed, and all the leaves on the branches having withered.

It is not uncommon for certain species of snakes to have the terminal plates of the tail coiled into a kind of hard, conical point; but this has no penetrative power, and contains no concealed sting, like that of the bee or wasp, such as is ascribed to the hoop snake by its credulous historians.

One North American serpent, the *Elaeophis* (the "harlequin," or "coral" snake), a species beautifully annulated with black, red and yellow, belongs to a poisonous family, in which there are small, permanently erect poison fangs, instead of the moveable ones of the rattlesnake and copperheads. Our species has, however, never been known to attempt to bite, if, indeed, it possess the power to do any injury.

The South American coral snake, an allied species, is said to be extremely

**After The Battle—Conquered Paris—Destruction of the Palais—Sad Scene in the Place de la Concorde.**

The correspondent of the London Times writing from Paris after the city was occupied by the Versailles says:

"I have been over a large portion of Paris to day, and I am happy to say that, though large fires are still raging, the conflagration is not spreading to the extent that had been apprehended. The destruction done by the street fighting and the desolation which prevails in the principal boulevards and other leading thoroughfares exceed all I could have imagined from a distant view. I entered to-day by the Porte de la Muette, and getting round to the left, approached the Arc de Triomphe from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. All along I found trees, lamp-posts and the facades of houses smashed by shells. Turning off by the Rue de Morny, I worked my way round to the Boulevard Haussmann. It was impossible to proceed along by the pavement, as on either side at intervals of a few feet felled trees and thick branches had been laid down by the insurgents to obstruct the passage of the troops. On Monday last the federals had occupied the houses, and fired from the corridors. All the fronts of the houses were disfigured by rifle-balls, the corridors were broken and the handsome stone cornices very much battered. The beautiful columns of the Madeleine are sadly injured, the fluted edges having been in many places shot away. The houses in the Rue Royale, at the corner of Rue Franbourg St. Honore, were blazing still, and the smoke and ashes that flew from them were stifling the pompiers who were working energetically there and at other points; but while I was in the city some of their corps were shot. It had been discovered that they, instead of throwing water on the fires they were called upon to extinguish, were actually pumping petroleum into the flames, and so adding to their fury. When this was detected the guilty firemen were surrounded by a body of cavalry, conducted into the Parc de Monceaux, and there shot. I could count the number of people I met along the boulevards, so few were those who ventured to walk about. The fears of petroleum, and explosions are universal. The inhabitants had either stopped up or were engaged in stopping up, every chink through which petroleum might be thrown into their houses. Their cellar lights, their ventilators and their gratings were being made impervious by sand, mortar and other materials. This precaution was taken because women and children, partisans of the commune, have in numerous instances been detected throwing petroleum into houses. Not a shop was entirely open, and those that opened only doors were inferior restaurants and wine houses. Around the railing in the Place Vendome troopers' horses were tied. The bronze figure of the Emperor was on its back; the shattered, and prostrate column lay about in fragments."

"On coming round by the quay to the Place de la Concorde I found that all the statues of the French cities are injured, and some very considerably. Of several the arms and heads are off.—The splendid fountains in the centre of the Place are dreadfully smashed. The stone balustrade is badly broken in a hundred places. The lamp-posts are all down, and this once charming spot presents a most melancholy appearance. I found a crowd looking over the wall of the wharf beside the bridge. I looked over and found a number of laborers digging a huge square grave in which to bury some twenty five insurgents, who lay mangled and dead along the wall."

"The Hotel de Ville was still smoking when I left at 6 o'clock. So were the ashes of the Tuileries. Happily not very much of the Louvre is destroyed, and at the Palais Royal the fire was extinguished when only a portion of that building had been consumed. The Prefecture of Police is consumed, but the Palais de Justice is not, and the Sainte Chapelle has suffered but little injury. The greatest conflagration of to-day was that at the Grenier d'Abondance. The flames and smoke from it rose high over the city.—There were other fires, but, happily, not in the centre of the city."

For one woman who gets a husband by means of showy dress and costly jewels, nine fail to get husbands because of the costliness of their attire and the disposition and taste it indicates.

A pure character is like polished steel; if dimmed by breath, it almost instantly recovers its brightness.

**Help Your Mother.**

The throne of Prussia has been occupied by monarchs with some of whose names pleasant memories have been retained. One of these, we are told, was one day a little annoyed at having to ring his bell more than once without anybody answering it. On opening the door of his cabinet, and entering the ante-chamber, he was surprised to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to awaken him, and had he done so, no doubt he would have done it rather roughly. On coming up to the sleeper, however, a playful thought seemed to seize his majesty (for kings are but men), and he resolved to amuse himself a little at the page's expense.

There was hanging partly out of the boy's pocket a paper, on which the king observed something was written. His curiosity was excited. He would gratify it. It would be mean for a fellow servant to do such a thing no doubt, but it was different with him. Did he not wear a crown? So he quietly leaned forward, and as stealthily as any London pickpocket, extracted the letter, and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking his seat, he opened it; and with a gleam of amusement in his eye, he commenced reading. The letter was from the boy's mother, and was as follows:

"My Dear Son: I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary, and sent to me. It has proven a great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my boy, for it, and, if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

From your loving mother,

MARY."

By the time the king had finished the letter his amused look had given place to an expression of admiration, justice and benevolence.

"Worthy boy," he exclaimed, "and equally worthy mother. The act shall be rewarded." And then, stepping softly into his closet, he fetched a number of ducats (worth 9s. 6d. each) and put them, with the letter, into the boy's pocket.—After this he rung the bell violently, which brought the page into his presence.

"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king.

The Page stammered out an excuse; and in doing so, he put his hand into his pocket, and felt the money. Pale, and his eyes full of tears, he looked at the king imploringly.

"What is the matter with you?" said his majesty.

"Oh," replied the boy, "somebody has contrived my ruin; I know nothing of this money!"

"What God bestows," resumed the king, using a German proverb, "he bestows in sleep; send the money to your mother, and give my respects to her, and tell her that I will take care of both her and you."

It was with a light heart the page wrote home his next letter.—Although the reader may have no royal master to reward his virtue, he may still by being kind to his mother, if he have one, enjoy that which after all was the principal ingredient in the boy's cup of happiness, namely, the satisfaction of denying one's self of something, for the sake of her, who sacrificed so much for us in our infancy.

**A MODERN WILLIAM TELL.**—It is very well known that Recorder Hackett, of New York, is a first class intuitive sportsman, but it is not generally known that he is the monumental expert of the age. A few days since he was off with young Jim Bennett on his yacht. Standing at a distance of twenty-two yards Mr. Bennett held between his thumb and finger a small clam shell, which a ball from Hackett's pistol broke to pieces. Another friend held at the same distance a small bit of the neck of a bottle, which was shattered in the same way. The yacht man while was rolling like a cradle.—A bird was let loose, and, flying with the wind, met its quietus at the word, and its feathers paid tribute on the crest of the wave.—When Bennett was a little chap he had the pluck to hold an apple on his head, and Hackett, in the presence of Mrs. Bennett, shot it off, time and again. Numerous friends have held coins in their fingers as invitations for the certain ball. It is related that at Saratoga the Recorder, having knocked a coin from the hand of Mr. Jennings, present editor of the Times, was about to go for an apple on his head, but Mr. Raymond was so affected by the possible killing of his friend that he begged him to desist. Won't somebody challenge this man?—*Washington Patriot.*

[From the Centralia (Mo.) Guard.]

**An Extraordinary Execution.**

We are indebted to Mr. James A. Ferguson, of Jonesburg, who lately arrived home from Texas, for the particulars of the following extraordinary occurrence, which took place a short time since in the Indian nation:

A certain Indian of the Choctaws was some years ago suspected of having killed another Indian of his tribe, but for lack of sufficient proof was not arrested. Afterwards he committed a willful murder, and was promptly arrested, tried and sentenced to be shot to death. He asked for twenty days in which to prepare, and visit his relatives and friends, and gave his word of honor as a brave to return at the appointed time. Whereupon he was released, and allowed to go forth without a guard or bail. At the expiration of the twenty days, according to appointment, the hour for the execution arrived, and the Indian, true to his word, at the very hour and minute galloped up to the place where the sentence was to be carried out, in company with three of the sisters and three brothers, all appearing as cheerful as though they had come to a dance or frolic. The coffin was then brought on the ground, but some one remarked that it was too small, upon which one of the doomed Indian's brothers told him to lay down in it and measure, which he cheerfully did, and laughingly said: "It fits all right." The crowd meanwhile appeared to be in the most cheerful spirits, and cracked jokes and laughed. At last, when all was ready, the doomed man was ordered to sit on the ground. A handkerchief was then placed over his eyes, by his sister, whilst the sheriff held one hand, one of the condemned Indian's brothers held the other, on each side of him. The deputy sheriff then stood in front of the condemned, with a rifle.—From some cause the rifle went off accidentally, the bullet passing up through the roof of the house.—The Indian, believing he was shot, drew himself up and shuddered, but did not speak or move from the spot. A black mark was then made over the Indian's heart, with spittle and powder, by his brother, while the deputy sheriff reloaded his rifle, and at a signal he took steady aim, fired and pierced the centre of the mark. The Indian, with a few struggles, fell back, dead, with his brother and the sheriff still holding his hands. No one seemed to be in the least affected, except the doomed Indian's mother, who shed tears, but was told to "shut up" by her son, that all was over. Thus ended this extraordinary execution.

Mr. James A. Ferguson, our informant, a well-known and worthy citizen of Jonesburg, was in the Indian nation when this took place, and stood within five steps of the Indian when shot, and was an eyewitness to the whole scene as described. We forgot, at the time, to inquire of the exact locality in the Indian nation where the occurrence took place, but we give the account as related to us.

Such is the confidence that the much abused red man has in each other, and their faithfulness to keep their word, even unto death. Would to God that the white man were half as faithful to keep their pledges, and to their own people, as the poor Indian is to his tribe.

**A DISPATCH FROM WASHINGTON** to the New York papers is as follows: "Mrs. King-Bowen is already at work procuring influence to secure her husband's pardon; and though Bowen's career has been a long series of law-breaking, culminating with his service in the rebel army, public sentiment is in favor of his pardon on account of Mrs. King, whose first husband was killed in the rebel army at the battle of Secessionville."

**WONDERS OF SMALL LIFE.**—Lewin, book tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty seven millions would only equal a mile. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruits.—Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces its way out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second.—Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen in a meadow,